

# WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 46.

WILLIAM B. BORTH,  
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1909.

THOMAS B. COCHRAN,  
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.

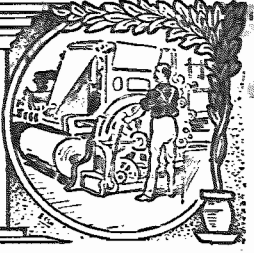


THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Have You Sought and Found It Yet? Time Is Passing By. Don't Delay.



## Cutlets from Contemporaries.



### Trouble.

#### Not a Bane, but a Blessing.

Trouble is our great teacher. It comes with strength, it gives us courage, it tempers our metal, it develops our self-control, it quickens our inventive powers, it drives us to God. The word "tribulation" is derived from the ancient word "tribulum." A tribulum is a contrived threshing machine for separating wheat from chaff. And if we will, dear comrades, trouble or tribulation can be used of God for separating or purging us from the world and its inclinations. As says: "Tribulation, persecution, nothing shall separate us from Christ," but it will separate us for Him and loose us from earthly refuges. Trouble is to us what the wind is to the oak, what labour is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great teachers. Troubles are not to be feared, but when they come we must in God's strength bear them with fortitude. Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns and overcome it with the courage of a true Salvation Soldier in life's great campaign; stoutly contend for the victory, remembering that you are "unconquered" with a cloud of witnesses." — *Australian Cry.*

### It's the Biggest Clock.

#### So the Yankees Say.

The tower on the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, New York City, will be ready soon to have the clock installed in it. The clock will be the largest in the world. The hands of this clock are being tested on the landing of a clock company at Grand and William streets, New York. They are so large that in making a record of their pace three stories of the building and when one of them is passing a window, the light is completely shut off, making the room within so dark that the employees are forced to quit work. The hands are made of mahogany and bronze, and are of bridge-truss construction. They weigh close to 1,500 pounds. The minute hand from the centre pin to the tip is 11 feet, and the combined with the counterpoise of six feet, makes the hand twenty feet long. The hour hand, of course, is much smaller, being 11 feet long. When the hands are placed in the tower of the Metropolitan Life building they will have a wire glass covering that will admit illumination. In each hand are placed 24-inch electrical tubes, in pairs. The clock will be 400 feet from the level of the ground, and when the hands are illuminated by electricity, it is said that they can be seen thirty miles away on a clear night. Other features of the Metropolitan clock will be a thousand-pound bell with a hammer weighing over a hundred pounds. There will be four other small bells to strike the Westminster chime. The clocks will be operated by electricity. The hands have taken four months to make — *American Young Soldier.*

### New Bedford's Early Days.

#### The Story of a Drunkard's Conversion.

One of the first human wrecks that The Salvation Army got hold of in this city and helped to regenerate was about as pitiable a looking object as one would ever find, when he came into The Army meeting. As he told the story afterward, he had gone home that afternoon to work off the effects of a good-sized "stunk." So that when he got himself together again, he would not go out for more, his wife had taken away his hat and hid it, but that did not hinder him in his search for something to quench his appetite. He found her headwear on a large affair with roses on each side and with this on his head he staggered forth. In the course of his travels he had been thrown or dropped into the muddy gutter, and got a good coating of mud. Later, he had entered a bar room and had somehow managed to roll around on the floor in such a way that his clothing was covered with a layer of sawdust on top of his coating of ooze.

It was such a looking object as this that entered The Salvation Army room that evening as the story was being told. When the time for testimony came around he saw one of his old friends get up on his feet and give his testimony as to the power of religion.

"See, Bill," said the newcomer, "are you and you are telling it straight?"

Christian religion. We believe much about the infinite; we cannot understand with the finite mind.

One of the great fundamentals is our belief in the immortality of the soul. Much has been written upon this subject in all ages.

The old philosophers—Plato and others—had great confidence in the continuance of this life in the hereafter, and their thoughts on this too should be troubling to our faith. But I think one of the most solid assurances is afforded by the pen of a more modern writer—Victor Hugo. The thought he expresses has been more helpful to me than any I have read in my studies along this line. I heard the paragraph in my bible for years, and it will quote from it here, as it may be inspiring to some of the readers of this Department. He says: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and knottier than ever. I am rising. I know toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with reflections of unknown

"You bet I am," said the man addressed, "it's just what I say."

"Well, then, I guess I'll give it a chance with me," the drunkard replied, and he went forward to the penitentiary—*American Cry.*

### Pharaoh's Body

#### Still to be Seen at Cairo.

The ancient habit of embalming the dead so as to make the corpse practically imperishable, has already yielded discoveries of startling interest. In the famous Bodleian Museum, at Cairo, for example, the most wonderful thing is the chamber of the mummies. Here they lie in their coffins, a mighty circle of dead Pharaohs, the conquerors, tyrants, and builders of the old world. Here is Set I, who may have been the Pharaoh whose daughter drew Moses out of the river. Here is Ramesses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, in whose hard and cruel face Moses must often have looked. The bodies are hardened into the consistency of wood, but every feature is perfect. Hair and nails, etc., are undestroyed. The faces are not of the Coptic type; they are thin, intellectual, aquiline, with the characters of rule still written upon them.

Their wives and priests, he about them, and the mummy Pharaohs are simply bodies to be stared at. The tourists can look on the face of a dead king who was not only the master of life and death to millions nearly four thousand years ago, but who fills a place in the pages of the Bible. If Mosephah is expelled, what discovery is not possible? If the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Jacob are embalmed, they will be found unchanged, after the passage of four centuries. The body of Joseph, too, in that case, and it was certainly embalmed, and will be as unchangeable as that of Set I or Ramesses II. — *New Bedford Cry.*

### Unbelief.

#### False Notions of Some Persons.

Unbelief, as at least persons are inclined, is very often nothing but a misimpression of that which, which

would. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous as my bodily powers reach to light? Why is it on my head, and eternal source is in the flow of the breath of the spirit, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is unnecessary, yet still in the last century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, I have finished my day's work. I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a biding ally. It is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. My monument is only above the foundation. I would be glad to see it resplendent and mounting for ever. The desire for the infinite proves infinity."

has wrought so much ruin upon earth—pride.

The young man thinks it will make people consider him a cut above the ordinary in intellect if he talks largely of doubting religion; he may even think himself that he is if he does so. He gets hold of somebody's pronouncement on the topic, misquoting the phraseology in which they are expressed the better because the error in which he moves will be less likely to know what he is talking about, and to ask him awkward questions concerning them, if not thereby the more impressed. Thus equipped, he poses as a free and independent thinker, who could put the universe right if he had the chance.

Such persons are the least likely to be affected by argument. Their minds are closer to it. They have taken in all the philosophy they want—or have room for the question of change of opinion is a closed case for the time being. Their condition is not open to remedy by way of attacking their so-called "views"; the only hope is to humble the pride which is behind, to reach the heart with conviction of sin, or the mind with a sense of emptiness, which has to be seen to be objectively enough done when any enlivening overtures or threatens to overtake them.—*South African Cry.*

There is a subtle art to compose the very essence of a good deed—efficiency.

## WANTED FOR THE KING'S SERVICE

### Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men and women are wanted for the next Session of Training, which commences September 16th. If you have not yet sent in your Application for Officership, do it to-day. Write your B.O. P.O. to

LIEUT. COLONEL SOUTHALL.  
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

## The Praying League

Special Prayer: "Oh Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Sunday, August 29th.—Warming-up, headed, 1 Kings x1:1-3; xiv:1-4; Monday, August 30th.—God Can See, 1 Kings xiv:3-20.

Tuesday, August 31st.—Multiplying Wickedness, 1 Kings xiv:21-31; xv:2-8.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Wrong Set Right, 2 Chron. xiv:2-12; xv:1-8.

Thursday, September 2nd.—Trusted Wrongly, 2 Chron. xiv:1-14; xvi:1-6.

Friday, September 3rd.—Bad to Worse, 1 Kings xv:25-34; xvi:6-22.

Saturday, September 4th.—Sounding the Alarm, 1 Kings xvi:1-16.

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

There are many mysteries in the

# Alcohol in Relation to the Home.

BY MR. AND MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

(Read by Mrs. Booth at the Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism, held in London last month)

**T**HE subject of this paper is "Alcohol in Relation to the Home." Or Home itself, one general observation may be offered. The Home is not only the seed plot of a nation's continued existence, but it is the spring from which proceeds all that is essential to the true patriotism of a people, to the real power of any community, and to the sustained influence of national life and institutions. The homes of the people constitute the flow of new life, of new influences, both moral and intellectual, and of new energy, without which the nation must in the process of time inevitably shrink and die.

Anything, therefore, which bears for good or ill upon the Homes and upon the Home-life of a people is of supreme importance to every nation.

A wide experience of the conditions of life in many countries, and a somewhat close acquaintance with the inner facts of social progress among the working and peasant classes over a large part of the world, has brought an important body of information on this and kindred subjects to the Officers of The Salvation Army. This paper is intended to present to the Congress—as briefly as may be—some of the principal conclusions at which we have arrived as to the influence of strong drink upon the life of the people as that life is seen in their homes.

## A Wasteful Habit.

1. And first we remark, Alcohol in the Home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than state this fact to secure universal assent. Wherever it appears in the Homes of the people, alcohol tends inevitably to waste. It consumes, without giving any adequate return, what should be expended in necessities, especially for the children, the aged, and the sick. It is astonishing to what an extent it establishes itself as a supposed necessity and then drives out what is all-important for the building up of vigorous physique and the preservation of health. In times of scarcity and unemployment the children's milk is cut off long before the parents' beer and spirits. The wage-earner—and even the young mother—will, to their great detriment, forgo important food much more willingly than the portion of alcoholic drink to which they are accustomed.

The use of strong drink is also, we find, a principal foe to thrift of every kind. The small margin of gain over necessary expenditure which might be stored for the future, goes—even where there is no sign of excess—in this form of indulgence, and when, presently, special needs arise, there is no reserve to fall back upon. It has been wasted. Even when early training has induced habits of thrift, and something has been accumulated by heads of families in the first years, of housekeeping, the alcohol custom being once established, invades these slight reserves, and that often on slight occasion, with ruinous consequences. They are quickly dissipated.

## Drink Destructive of Home Life.

2. Alcohol dissolves the vigour and spirit which make and keep the Home a living factor.

Nothing is much more valuable in the life of a people than the possession by each individual of some centre of interest and affection to which all that is best in character clings. Just as the homeless man is always a danger to society, so the man with strong attachments—first to the Home of his childhood, and then to the Home of which he himself is the head—will always be a more useful, more law-abiding, and in every way more desirable citizen than the man without those interests.

But nothing so quickly attacks all that is most attractive in Home-life as the use of, and desire for, strong drink. They engender selfishness; they lead to associations totally alien and often antagonistic to Home influence. They lead to a fatal lack of interest in the Home on the part both of men and women, and induce carelessness in its management, and in a very large proportion of cases, even where standards are not as yet used to great excess, they strike at the confidence between parents and children, which is one of the finest qualities and most beautiful characteristics of true Home-life.

Once these evils have entered any Home, there is a weakening, soon to produce a total loss, of respect in the children, or genuine regard in the parents. Tens of thousands of young people, because of this curse, enter upon the serious affairs of life with all real affection for Home shattered, and with all high ideals as to the Homes they are themselves to build up destroyed.

3. Alcohol humbles and only too often destroys the natural dignity and prestige of Home and of family life.

One of the highest practical as well as ethical advantages of a good Home to all, but particularly to the young people who live there, is to awaken and cultivate respect and esteem for human life and character. It is there that the future citizen learns how great a thing a human soul is,

and how noble a human life may become. The sacredness and purity of natural affection, the value of self-control, and the true worth of labour are all illustrated in what he sees before him in the life of his Home. To this end, God has by the operation of certain natural tendencies—which we call laws—surrounded family life, and the Home which is its centre, by a reserve and exclusiveness which constitute no small part of its dignity. Occasions abound, both of joy and sorrow, of loss and gain, of pleasure and of pain, which tend to strengthen that seclusion and to uphold and increase that dignity.

In its influence upon the formation of character this has a large place, helping to develop resource, self-control, willingness to accept responsibility, and sympathy and affection towards all.

But alas! how earnestly opposed to all this is alcoholism! With what agony have we not all of us witnessed the gradual dispersal of that respect, and the final destruction of that dignity under the influence of this scourge! The wife and mother, who at first looked up in all things to the husband, is gradually compelled to look down upon him. The husband and father whose esteem was at first of the highest for the wife, is compelled at last to think of her only as the servant or slave of another master. The children grow up to see only too plainly how the best and purest side of their parents' character is marred and stained by the influences of this strange evil power, until presently all respect, either for their word or their personalities, is gone. Who can estimate the evil consequences of this loss of prestige? Who can say how far it is responsible for the growth of disorderliness, insubordination, anarchism, and kindred evils around us?

We verily believe that many a revolutionary spirit many a reckless criminal, many a forsaken woman, took the first steps on the way to ruin under the influence of a Home in which strong drink had already undermined all that moral dignity and natural prestige which should have been a strong bulwark against those very evils.

## Injurious to the Children.

4. Alcohol tends to weaken and ultimately overthrow the authority of the family, to the great injury of the children.

Discipline is a part of life. Without it, the world would be a chaos of disorder, if not a Hell of despair. The discipline which the world gives is based on the operation of unchanging law. If we are to produce men and women who will work in harmony with that law, and who will obtain by such work results leading to their own peace and the wellbeing of others, they must be trained in the acceptance, and, as far as may be, in the appreciation, of the discipline adapted to their early years. The father, the mother, are to command their children before God; the simple rules of Home are to represent the parents' mind, and the penalties attached to their neglect, the measure of the parents' condemnation for their breach; all this is to exalt authority and to train in its acceptance, so that by and by the young citizens may descend into the world's arena possessed by the steady purpose of resolute men, but ready, while seeking freedom for themselves, to observe the laws of equal freedom for others.

But how can such training be possible if the father—or, more dreadful still, the mother—is seen to be a self-indulgent habitué of the dramshop, or, worse still, is known to be quietly drinking the poison on the sly? The young people instinctively lose their natural respect for such a father. His word ceases to be anything to them. His law loses its claims upon them. His punishments are transformed into brutal injustices in their eyes. Little by little, and more and more, that righteous fear which was the beginning of wisdom in them, is destroyed, and in their tiny sphere they are translated into neglectors and despisers of all authority. The father, who ought to have been the emblem of all lawful power to them—the representative of God Himself—is become as but a chip of wood on the waters of a sensual life. Perhaps in nothing is the evil effect of the use of intoxicants fraught with more gravity for the future than in this. Here is the degradation and destruction, at its very source, of that lawful and natural authority without the recognition of which the human Home would be little better than a habitation of wild beasts.

## Self-Indulgence and Impurity.

5. Alcohol opens the door of the Home to the most vicious forms of self-indulgence and impurity.

"Leave the door open," says the old adage, "and the devil will come in." Who can doubt that it is so here? The Home, no matter how humble—was designed to be the sheltered harbour of innocence, the temple of love for one woman by one man, and the field in which affection is subjected to reason and controlled by affection. But only let alcohol enter there, and the door is, ever after, open for all that represents the antipodes of restraint, of chastity, and of purity.

Strong drink invites appetite, changes the sacred love of earth into lust, which being denied becomes hate, and carries men away into licence and

# An Adjutant's Courtesies

How He Belitended a Young German Mother who was Travelling with a Fretful Baby.



Then Up and Down the Aisle He Paced.

vices. It is always the faithful ally of the baser nature. It is ever the friend of the beast in man.

Impurity in one form or another is, perhaps, the greatest danger of the new century facing the Western nations. On every hand, its presence and power confront us—young and old—rich and poor alike. Who can doubt—certainly we of The Salvation Army cannot—that intoxicating liquors open the door of the Home—eye, of the very Nursery—to this foe and soul-destroying fiend; and when once he is admitted stand firmly by him as an auxiliary and confederate in the work of moral destruction which ever accompanies his presence?

6. Alcoholism is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the ethical advance of the community.

Nowhere is there such an opening for the moral and spiritual cultivation of the people as in the Home. There, in the highest degree, the influences of unselfish love and the example of disinterested devotion are potent factors in the training and encouragement of all that is good in man. It is there that the heaven of Jesus Christ's teaching will most readily enter the human soul, leading it to covet lowliness, to be patient in injustices, and to welcome even dishonour for truth's sake. No after influences can achieve for the youth of our peoples what can be accomplished at the Home. It seems to us who find in all the wise arrangements of human life evidences of a Divine solicitude, that family life was really designed for the very purpose of rooting the young trees planted there in all that is true and honourable and brave and pure. That it is by Divine appointment intended to be the great school of morals—that there should meet the tenderest influences of earthly affection and the first revelation of the love of God, both, alike, inspiring to a life of labour for others.

Alcohol is the foe of all those sacred things. Its use weakens the ability to discern between that which is evil and that which is good. It emboldens men to neglect God. It sets up false standards of duty and ambition, standards, that is, which are warped and dwarfed by the claims of indulgence. Alcohol confuses conscience until it can't fight wrong and wrong right. It exalts present advantage and dulls the power of noble ambition. In short, alcohol is the handmaid of the life of sense, of fleshly gratification, of passion, of the refusal of the higher life of self-respect, of self-denial, and of sacrifice.

Once the drink habit is entrenched in the Home, all those baneful antagonisms manifest themselves in a thousand ways. The children feel them; the grown youths and maidens suffer from them; the visitors and friends, the servants and attendants—if such there be—do not escape their influences, and the heads of the family receive back a further dreadful impetus on the way to moral and spiritual atrophy and death. The Home so degraded, instead of a nursery of moral beauty and of spiritual life, becomes little more than a charnel-house of dead or dying souls.

For the reasons here briefly referred to, we of The Salvation Army say that strong drink ought to be banished from the Home, from the Church—which is the earthly home of the family of Christ—and from the use of all civilised peoples. And on these grounds, we have, in God's name, already and for ever banished the accursed thing from our borders.

It was on the West-bound train of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, somewhere between Winnipeg and the City of Moose Jaw, that a strong, lusty baby first set up a series of infantine howls and crying. The travellers were aroused, testy and frowning, for it was far into the night.

"I'd give a dollar to have my way with that youngster for about ten minutes," growled a man with drink-sodden features.

A young woman, with no marks of domestic concern, remarked petulantly, "I don't see why people can't travel on a train without having a herd of young ones with them."

Indeed, the whole car, with one exception, had put on an air of annoyance and discomfort. The one exception—a Salvation Army Adjutant—who had been quietly reading, left his seat and went to the back of the car. He had children of his own, living and dead, and had seen something of the "light and shadows" of life. His face was aglow with the warmth of his heart. What he saw at the back of the car touched him.

In a corner, a young German mother, tired out, stood with a lusty baby in her arms, patting, coaxing, and trying to pacify him. A little girl lay sleeping on the cushioned seat near her. There was a large wicker basket, a carpet bag, and a large roll with a shawl strap. Poor mother, she was so pale and weary. Yet not concerned so much for herself, as for the annoyance of the passengers.

The Army Officer gently spoke to her. "The little fellow is nervous and fighting sleep," he said, "and hardly knows what is the matter with him. Let me take him for a little while."

Snatching the action to the words, he took the child almost forcibly out of her arms. She clanking the white and saying: "Oh, sir, please cry moose eef you take heed."

"I guess not," said the Officer with a smile. "He can't more than cry anyway, and he's doing that now."

Then up and down the aisle he paced, saying to the child in a low, soothing voice, "Now, I've got you, little fellow, and we're going to let mamma rest, and you are going to sleep right away. Don't you see how all the folks are mad at you?" Each time he came back to where the mother sat, she rose to take the child, and each time he motioned her to sit down. His venture changed the temper of the whole car, and passengers glanced at him and grinned and jested.

Said the jolly drummer, "You're been there before. I guess, old fellow. Got a round dozen of your own?" "Good thing to keep your hand in practice," said a motherly-looking woman, to her nearest friend, "That Salvation man has some feeling for a woman, anyway. He's the sort that would make a wife happy, I know."

Meanwhile the little chap had ceased his crying and sunk into a sound sleep. Once more signalling the mother not to disturb herself, the Officer slipped into a seat just across from her with the little fellow cuddled on his knee. His friendly manner had won her confidence and while the train sped on, she told him the cause of her journey. A few years before, her husband, Fritz, after whom the little one was named, had come to Cape Breton from Germany. She was his girl sweetheart, left behind to wait till the time when he could send for her. Two years sped by, and then she bade farewell to her people to become a bride away over the sea. The voyage was without mishap. The marrying and marriage a great joy, and all went well, until through sickness her husband lost his employment. Trusting to better their circumstances, they decided, like many more, to go West. She remained in Cape Breton with the children, keeping a couple of humble boarders, while he went abroad to find work and a struggle, for almost four despairing months, and she had worked and waited.

"Fritz," she said, "het a vera hardt time gitten work. It would be von tay, maybe two tays, and den no more as much as a week. Und he just nouchly de mit the heart-ick. But, now, he haf got von goot place, and staidy work, and ve are to haf a home vonce more. It's vour month already since he vent to the Moose Jaw City, und he's just gray to see Gretzy and baby Fritz."

Dear, careworn little mother, too modest to speak of Fritz's love for her, and the hunger of her own heart to see him. During the talk her whole soul had shown itself in her face.

Knowing that she wanted to hear of her husband, and deeply interested in her story, the Officer remarked in a soothing way, "Do you think that Fritz will care to see you when you reach your journey's end?"

"Will he? Will he? Will I should tink! He'll just be counting the minutes!" And she laughed with hysterical joy, wiping the tears from her eyes at the same time.

"Fritz is a goot man!" she went on, "for after dere was one, he never drank, nor leafe me a night, nor swear, nor get mad in his life. Mine own fader could not be better than Fritz."

"He's just pe vaiting all night at the brace for me, und for nodies happen, me und the shildren vill pe mit becom in less than vour hours." Her tears flowed again at the thought of meeting him whom she loved.

Coming back to practical matters, the Officer said, glancing at the sleeping little ones, and the baggage, "Who is going to help you off the train with all this baggage and the little ones?"

"Oh, Fritz, mine husband, vill pe dere."

The train was very near Moose Jaw. The conductor was making his way through to see that all were awake. The passengers were making ready to leave the train. Many of them were on their feet. The city still lay obscure, under the pall of night. The little mother was waking little Gretchen, and trying to pin on her wrap, but she trembled so, and her heart was in such a flutter that she could hardly set it done. Another minute and the great train was at a standstill at the depot. The Officer held back his charge until the crowd had hurried past, and then led the way, when they were down from the steps the Officer took the lusty baby, now waking in his arms, and his own grip, and the great heavy roll in the other hand, while the little mother carried the bag and willow basket. The little girl, hardly half awake, clung to the handle of the basket, the mother cheering her with, "Here are the Moose Jaw now, and the station. And papa are right here."

Standing under the archway through which the crowd was thronging from the train, was a smart, manly-looking young German. He was wet as a clean-haven. With his dear ones on his back, he had not thought of sleep. His eager eyes were scanning the stream of travellers that came past him. His anxiety was pathetic. His features were pale and drawn with the night of anxious waiting. When the straggling end of the procession was passing under the archway, and he could not see there he sought for, his heart seemed to sink with him. When lo! there came The Army Officer with little Fritz awake in his arms, the heavy luggage lumbering at his side, behind him, with her load, and the drowsy little Gretchen clinging to the basket, came the nearest little mother, all the way from Cape Breton.

For an instant the young man stood transfixed, and then springing forward, he uttered such a note of joy that will not soon be forgotten by those present. And the boldness of the encounter, too sacred for the eyes of the stranger, that meeting was a sight for angels.

The Officer, for the instant forgotten, put down the baggage, placed the little one beside his sister, and hurried away. He had not gone far, however, when a hand still trembling with emotion and excitement, stopped him.

"Oh, sir," mine wife is the life she say you was—so vera good to her and mine shildren. Me do so tank you. He do so tank you. Thank you, thank you."

Here was humble gratitude, and gratitude.

"All right brother, all right!" exclaimed the Officer. "God bless you and your good wife and the children. There was a radiance on the young man's face of joy and gladness that was blinding. It is a good God who hath created the God of love and home and brotherhood."—Charles W. Moore.



# THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The King's Recent Guest at Cowes—The Czar of Russia, Nicholas II.

## Great Imperial Army.

During the latter part of July, an Imperial Conference was held at the Foreign Office in London, England, the outcome of which is to be one great Imperial British army, one formerly trained and equipped. In general terms the plan provides that all troops of self-governing colonies shall undergo precisely the same training as the home regulars in order to be ready to take their places in the latter, whenever and wherever the necessity may arise. Military training colleges along the line of the staff college at Camberley are to be established in the overseas dominions, and there is to be a continuous interchange of officers from all parts of the Empire so as to ensure absolute uniformity of organization and training.

In a recent speech outlining the probable strength of the army of the empire, Mr. Haldane, the Secretary for War, estimated that the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could furnish a total of forty-six divisions. This is equivalent to twenty-three army corps, which is the strength of the German army.

## Railway Up Mont Blanc.

The first section of the Mont Blanc electric railway is open, and people are now able to ascend to Col Voza, 5,495 feet high, without any greater effort than is required to take a seat in a comfortable car. The first trip up took an hour to accomplish the journey of about four and a half miles. There are no tunnels, and the steepest grade is twenty feet in the hundred. Some magnificent views of Alpine scenery can be had from the cars.

## Troubled Persia.

The new Persian Government is having many troubles. The cities of Kashgar and Shiraz and several of the nomad tribes refuse to recognize it, a brother of the deposed Shah, at the head of a tribe of Kurds, is marching on Teheran, an uncle of the late ruler has managed to purchase permission to visit the capital once more before his final banishment, and the poor little twelve-year-old Shah, in more childish terror over the coming separation from his parents, is said to have tried to commit suicide.

## Japan and China.

In spite of Chinese protests, Japan has begun work on the Antung-Shukden Railway.

The note in which Japan officially notified the powers of her intention of proceeding immediately with the reconstruction and improvement of the railway, declares that throughout

the discussions, China has had recourse to her well-known policy of obstruction and procrastination; has evaded the just and reasonable demands of Japan, and raised collateral questions regarding police matters, local and other matters, thus delaying a settlement. China's reply of June 21 is mentioned, and the note declares that Japan's rights under the treaty of 1905 were disregarded and the provisions of the treaty wholly nullified thereby.

The final paragraph of the note contains Japan's ultimatum as follows:

"In this situation the Imperial Government is now compelled to take independent action, and to proceed to carry out the necessary work of reconstruction and improvement according to treaty rights."

## An Explorer's Straits.

Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, of the British Navy, who recently became famous for his penetration of the Antarctic circle to a new record mark, has a still more difficult voyage of discovery before him, he thinks. The young explorer now seeks a way to pay a debt of \$70,000 which he is said to have incurred in undertaking his recent expedition to the South Pole. His voyage in quest of gold will be made to America. He will lecture in the United States and Canada.

When Shackleton planned his expedition to the pole, it is said that he had at his back the financial assistance, among others of a small group of Americans. At the period when he was absolutely 'plugged to the enterprisers' costs, there befell the financial crisis which brought ruin upon a wide circle of erstwhile wealthy men. Among them were the American backers of the new Antarctic expedition.

## The Burden of Heat.

The Sunday School "Times" contains the following advice as to how to meet hot weather conditions.

Only those of us who live in the temperate zone have the health-building advantage of extremes of hot and cold weather. Our physical health and accomplishments, as compared with those who live where it is always warm or always cold prove the gain of the very conditions about

which we are inclined to grumble. It is unquestionably of benefit to us to be plunged suddenly from cold into hot weather and back again, as we are in our swiftly changing seasons. Just now many of us are nursing the hot-weather test. If we take it as something that is in every way good for us, adapting ourselves sensibly and cheerfully to the weather conditions, we shall reap the benefit that Nature intends, and once the winter season settles on in every way for the summer's experiences. We need to take life quietly, move slowly, avoid unnecessary exertion, refrain from over-exertion of body or mind, and "keep sweet." All of this we can do if we will, but let us remember that hot weather is endurable better if we are busy than if we are idle. Its burden rests heaviest upon who have no other burden to think about than the heat.

## A Desert Waterworks.

There is a large quantity of water in the great desert of Chali, but none that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.

## Length of Animal Life.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years; and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years; the rabbit from eight to ten; the goose thirty; the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years. Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150 years.



The Boy Who Wept at Becoming "King of Kings."—The Child Shah of Persia.

years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rothschild and which is said to have been born in 1750.

## Dark Houses Unhealthy.

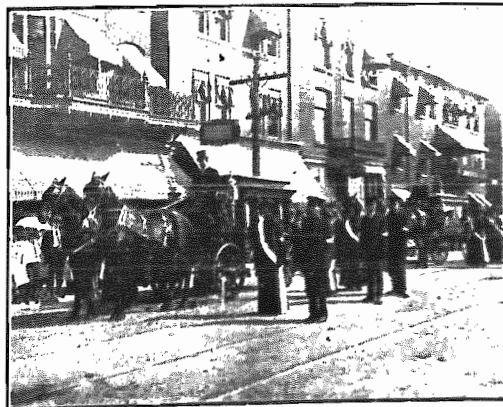
People who keep houses dark for fear of the sunlight spoiling their carpets and furniture have no idea of the disease-destraining influence of sunlight and air. Recent experiments made in the Pasteur Institute have shown that bacilli exposed to the sun and air were destroyed in two hours, while those exposed to the sun, the air being excluded, were alive after fifty hours of exposure. An Italian physician made an interesting experiment with cholera bacilli. While he found those protected from the sun killed within a few minutes, those exposed to the sun, although not killed were rendered entirely harmless. As to the influence of sun and air on bacilli, it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's rays, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the supply of oxygen was increased than if it was diminished. Certain fluids, too, which will undergo putrefaction in the dark, will remain sweet and free from bacteria when exposed to the sun's rays. Air and sun are nature's great purifiers.

## Men Wanted Out West.

There should certainly not be an idle man in Saskatchewan during the next two months for the demand for farm laborers far exceeds the supply, and farmers are offering as much as \$2 a day with board in order to obtain help. The recent great heat brought the crops on with a rush, and cutting started at scores of points in Southern Saskatchewan a week earlier than was expected.

It is expected that a special farm laborers' excursion will be rushed through, and that about 5,000 men will thus be available. We are glad to note that extra precautions are to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the disastrous scenes of last year. Twenty special constables will accompany each train.

Your life is like a ladder; its rungs are difficulties, temptations, weaknesses and conflicts. You can step up on these and stand or you can use the same rungs to step down, down, into damnation.



The Funeral Procession of Ensign Brance and Her Sister Daisy, Just Leaving The S. A. Citadel at Sarnia.



## ADJUTANT AND MRS. McELHENY'S FAREWELL.

How Riverdale Wished Them Good Speed.

After a decidedly successful stay in Riverdale, Adjutant and Mrs. McElheny, farewelled on Sunday, August 15th, for Winnipeg. The news that this event was to take place leaked out long before the Sunday, and up to the Monday night, when they gave a final exhortation, and were present at a banquet arranged as a parting service, expressions of regret, and hearty "God speeds" flowed in from all quarters of the great Queen City.

Ministers, temperance workers, Army friends, comrades of early day warfare, and Salvationists of all ranks, reluctantly shook hands with two leaders who have won their way into the hearts of the people as only few Officers have.

The great Hall was packed out on Sunday night. The Rev. Mr. Fallis spoke words of appreciation of the Adjutant's unceasing toil in the East End, not only as a Salvationist, but a public citizen. Staff-Captain and Mrs. White assisted throughout the two meetings. The Juniors of the Directory Class sang a farewell song; the Band and Songsters also rendered appropriate selections.

Adjutant and Mrs. McElheny addressed the immense and eager, and eight souls sought salvation.

At the banquet, successfully conducted by the Sergeant-Major, Treasurer, Secretary, and Sisters, a host of friends and comrades gathered. Many eloquent tributes to the work of the late Officers, were paid. The Adjutant dedicated the baby girl of Brother and Sister Harris.

On Tuesday night a large number of Salvationists gathered at the Union Depot to wave a last good-bye to the Adjutant and his wife. A number of the younger members of Headquarters Staff played them through the streets to the station entrance, where they were joined by the Riverdale Band.

## DIES AT SEA.

Within sight of the Old Country, where he was to spend a holiday, Band-Secretary Alfred R. Hodgson, youngest son of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hodgson, died on board the R. M.S. "Virginian," when completing the voyage from the United States.

Band-Secretary Hodgson had formerly been engaged at the National Headquarters and the International Training College; latterly he was Band Secretary at Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A.

He was accompanied on the homeward trip across the Atlantic by his sister, Captain Lily Hodgson, so that his sorrowing relatives have the satisfaction of knowing that when stricken down with Bright's disease, he was lovingly tended.

In this terrible blow, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hodgson and family will have the sympathy and prayers of a wide circle of Salvationists.

**West Toronto.**—Captains Palmer, Kelly, and Pugmire visited us on Sunday, August 15th, and conducted the meetings throughout. The singing of the visitors was much appreciated, also Captain Pugmire's euphonium solo. Your souls knelt at the mercy seat during the day.

## Beginnings of Backsliding.

By the Chief of the Staff.

**I**T is the beginnings which are so important, so deadly, and yet often so small. That is one of the points on which the diseases of the soul are like those of the body. The doctors tell us that a speck of infected matter, no larger than the smallest grain of flour that can be seen with the human eye, is enough to poison a man's whole frame, to fill him with untold suffering, and finally to kill him. So the most trifling disobedience, the smallest unbelief, the least of hidden sins, the little uncleanness which nobody can see, is enough to destroy alike spiritual health and life.

How did you become a backslider? How was it? You were unkindly dealt with? Someone spoke evil of you? You lost your faith in your Officer? You saw something wrong in someone else, and that shook you? You were tempted sore? Very well, I can quite understand. I am afraid that many good people will have much to answer for, in that they have thoughtlessly, or in some other way, caused the weak and the lame to stumble in the way. But God will have to settle all that. He will do what is right.

### Some Hidden Wrong.

But was there not something that happened before these difficulties overtook you? Some time ago a poor backslider in great distress wrote to me, and afterward came to see me. She had once been a useful Salvationist; so happy, so much beloved. But now all was changed. Darkness was on everything, both in soul and circumstances. Bitter sorrow, like a dreadful vampire, seemed to be drawing out her very life-blood, and in anguish and grief she turned to me. I did all I could to help her back to light and faith, and then I asked her, "How did you first go back—how did it begin?"

"It began like this," she replied. "I had a dear friend, also a Salvationist. We promised God that we would spend one hour alone with Him every day in prayer and communion. For years I kept it up and lived in victory. At last my work increased, and one day I said to myself, 'I will reduce that hour to half an hour, and have a little more rest for my body.' From that day I got cooler in my soul. I did not love sinners so much. I lost the joy. There was no change outwardly, but, oh, I was weak! weak! weak! And then, when such and such a thing happened, I gave way, and left my post; and now I have lost everything. It all began with neglecting prayer."

So, you see, neither the cruel treatment she received, nor the terrible affliction God allowed to come upon her, was the real beginning of her backsliding—it was that going back from prayer. Was it so with you? And have you been blaming something that happened after, when you ought to blame yourself?

### Disobedience Did It?

Several years ago someone asked me to speak to a young man in a prayer-meeting. He was looking very ill, and the marks of sin were plainly visible on his face. The moment I offered him my hand, he began to tell me how bad and low he was, and how far from God. Then he went on to

blame some Salvationists for his backsliding, saying he had been slandered and wronged, that he would never forgive, and that if his soul was lost it was not his fault. It made me feel broken-hearted and I could not speak to him for a few minutes. Then after a little silence, I said to him, "Well, does God speak to you now?"

"No," he said, "the last time God spoke to me was when He called me to become an Officer, and I would not give up my home."

"Ah," I said, "and was that before all this wrong came upon you?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"And don't you see," I said, "that it was that disobedience which was the beginning of your backsliding? The fiery trial found you weak, and the devil overthrew you."

And then the poor fellow broke down, and told me how he had lost everything, because of that refusal to obey God's call. All his money, and his friends, and his character for steadiness, and he feared his health, were gone. It was a sad time I had with him.

Once when in Yorkshire a man came and spoke to me in a meeting. "I am a backslider, Chief," he said, "and I want you to pray for me. I am bad! But it's all my own fault. I was a Candidate once, and I have a letter at home from you accepting me. But I disobeyed, and then the devil flew at me, and now I am back, and my wife's back also, and my home is a drunkard's home."

"Well," I said, "come back to God tonight—do it now."

"No," he said, "I can't do it unless my wife will."

And so, though he saw it was all his fault, he would not act without his wife and I had to leave him.

### His Dying Confession.

Another backslider who once came to see me, laid before me a long list of complaints against some of his comrades, and then began to accuse God of treating him cruelly on account of the death of his children. He was full of self-justification, and my interview was a very painful one. I prayed with him, and he promised to come to hear me speak the following day. He did so. In the prayer meeting he told me it was impossible for him to be saved till other people had confessed their wrong, and we separated.

Some time afterward I was again in that neighbourhood, when, to my horror, I heard of this man's death. I anxiously inquired after his soul, and was told that just before he died he had confessed to having fallen into practices of secret dishonesty in business, and that he had withdrawn all his bitter accusations both against his old comrades and against God.

Is there anything of this sort in your case? Are you blaming The Army or some comrade, who has, as you think, wronged you when in reality there is something horribly wrong in your own life, or habits, or work, or home, which is the true reason of God's departure from your soul? If it is so, I beseech you confess it. Don't go down to the border of the grave acting a lie in the face of Almighty God. Have courage. Speak! Out with the truth! Dare to (Continued on page 11.)

## Band Chat.

Bandman Sid Brooks, late of the Old Land, was welcomed to Ligar Street, on Sunday, August 15th. He plays a cornet, and is a son of Bandman Brooks, also of the Ligar Band.

Riverdale Band re-welcomed Bandman Rogers to its ranks on Sunday, August 15th. Our comrade plays soprano saxophone, and is thus quite an addition to the Band's ranks.

Lippincott Senior Band is progressing favourably, notwithstanding the fact that several instruments—a Bb saxophone, baritone, solo cornet and side drum—are awaiting capable Bandmen to manipulate them. Captain Bertram Pattenden, the Band Secretary, would be pleased to hear from efficient Bandmen who could take up these parts; especially from those engaged in the wood-engraving trade.

Brother Phillips, of Galt, has been welcomed to Huntville Band. The bass end of the Band has thus been strengthened. A good solo cornet player would be heartily welcomed here. Apply to Deputy-Bandmaster Spanner, or Ensign Plant, Box 555.

Bandmaster Ball, of Midland, has farewelled, after a three years' stay there. The Band made appreciable progress during his nine months' leadership, and the Band boys will miss him.

Four more Bandmen were recently welcomed at Chatham, Ont. They are Brothers Fred and Will Coles, of Woodstock, Brother Dobney, of Toronto and Brother Cooper, of Richmond Hill. The former two have taken solo euphonium and 2nd baritone, and the latter two flugel horn and Bb bass, respectively. On Civic Holiday, the Band, which now numbers twenty-seven, took a trip with the Juniors to the lake, and had an enjoyable time. The playing of the Band was greatly enjoyed by crowds, and such marches as "The Shields," "The 20," "Chalk Farm," "Shipley," "Perseverance," "Under the Colours," and "Southall," and the latest selections, were rendered in good style.

The Winnipeg correspondent of the "Typographical Journal" says: "An event of unusual occurrence took place the past week, when the Headquarters Band of The Salvation Army serenaded the morning newspapers. Time was called during the rendition of several choice selections, and the boys all appreciated not only the variation from the usual grind, but music of a kind only looked for from class A bands."

### ENSIGN WILTSHIRE SAYS FAREWELL TO LONG POND.

**Long Pond.**—On Sunday night, Aug. 5th, Ensign H. Wiltshire, who opened the Corps, and who, for thirteen months laboured with us, said good-bye. We shall miss him much. The Ensign has been a great blessing to the Corps. He was well liked by almost everyone.

At his farewell meeting, five backsliders came back to Jesus. Captain Stickland is our new leader.—Correspondent.

**Prince Albert.**—Captain Stevens has been welcomed here. Ensign Sheppard and Captain McLennan, paid us a visit recently.

# THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the War Cry, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 11 Allen St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Write name in full in plain English, and full address, including street, city, province, and country, on the reverse side of the paper. All communications for publication in this paper, or for any other purpose, should be addressed to The Editor, The War Cry, Toronto. All communications for the War Cry should be addressed to the Editor, The War Cry, Toronto. All communications for the War Cry should be addressed to the Editor, The War Cry, Toronto. All communications for the War Cry should be addressed to the Editor, The War Cry, Toronto.

## GENERAL ORDER.

### Harvest Festival Effort 1909

The Annual Harvest Festival Dates are fixed for September 15, 19, 20 and 21.

After August 21st no demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Harvest Festival Fund), must take place in any Corps until the Effort is closed, without permission of Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this order is observed.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

## GAZETTE.

### Promotions—

- Lieutenant Susie Coveyduck, Ndd., to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Blanche Whitten, to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Ethel Porter to be Captain.
- Lieutenant William Marsh, to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Georgina Ash, to be Captain.
- Cadet J. W. Clinch, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Sussex.
- Cadet George L. Cox, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Hespeler.
- Cadet James B. Gray, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Tilsonburg.
- Cadet A. George Johnson, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Reid Avenue.
- Cadet Robert L. McNeill, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dartmouth.
- Cadet F. Perce, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Westville.
- Cadet L. P. Shand, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Carleton Place.
- Cadet T. Shaw, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dunnville.
- Cadet F. A. Stride, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Nanaimo.
- Cadet Wm. J. Terrell, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Carleton.
- Cadet Wm. H. Wood, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Campbellford.
- Cadet W. J. Crocker, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
- Cadet Emma Ash, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
- Cadet Charles Rodway, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
- Cadet Maud, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
- Cadet J. Anthony, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Harbor Grace.
- Cadet A. J. Moore, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The prevailing complexion at Headquarters just now is a nut-brown hue—most of the Headquarters Staff having returned from their brief vacation which affords such a respite from the hot offices of a crowded city. This means that the holiday season generally is drawing to a close, and those who have vacated the towns will soon be returning to their homes and settling down for the fall and winter. Within a day or two, the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will be at Headquarters and thus, the way will be clear for the early work of the fall efforts. May God grant us a mighty outpouring of blessing.



### Which Will He Choose?

Many of our readers are, perhaps, in this position. The lusts of the world are put behind. But they halt between Worldly Morality, and Prosperity, and the Cross of Christ—forgetting that those who suffer with Christ shall reign with Him. They also lose sight of the truth contained in this text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## Impressive Funeral Service of the Late Captain Lucy Horwood

CONDUCTED AT LONDON, ONT.

THE funeral services of our late comrade, Captain Lucy Horwood, which were held in London, were of a very impressive character. Naturally, there were large crowds, seeing that the Captain was converted when a child in London, and went out of this Corps as an Officer. As a Soldier she was a great help in the different branches of the Corps work, and especially the Junior Work. She always had a smile and was looked upon as a veritable beam of sunshine wherever she went.

The remains of our dear comrade arrived by C. P. R., on Saturday, July 25th, accompanied by Ensign Horwood (sister) and brother, and Adjutant Tudge, from Winnipeg. Lieutenant Horwood (sister) was also present, together with the other members of the family, who were at the station. The body was taken to Mr. Smith's undertaking rooms, and on Sunday, was taken to the Barracks for the funeral service.

This was to have been conducted by Lieut. Colonel Sharp, but the Colonel was called away to Sar-

As will be seen by the announcements, the Harvest Festival Effort will be the first on the programme. We hope all comrades will begin to prepare the ground for making this a great success. According to accounts, Canada is in a prosperous condition, business will very soon ac-

cord to the present trend of things—be assuming boom proportions, so that humanly speaking, the field is ripe for a bounteous manifestation of man's gratitude to God for His goodness to us as a nation. Let us all do what we can to garner in a successful Harvest Festival Effort.

nia, where he was requested to conduct the funeral of our dear comrades, Ensign and Daisy Grace.

In the absence of the Colonel, Major McGillivray, assisted by Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Sharp and other Officers, conducted the service. The Citadel was crowded many standing outside, testifying to the esteem in which the Captain was held. After the service, which was very touching indeed, the comrades and friends were given the opportunity of taking a last look at all that was mortal of Captain Lucy, and, as the people passed by, one by one, many tears were shed, when they thought of the good life of our departed comrade. But amidst it all we could feel that at that moment our comrade was singing around the throne, Hallelujah!

There were some splendid floral offerings—one from the Corps where the Captain was stationed (Ferial B. C.), as well as numbers of others.

The procession to the cemetery, led by The Army Band, was an impressive sight. There were over two hundred comrades in the march, and all along the sidewalks hundreds of people watched the procession, as

it wound its way slowly down the main street of the city. Arriving at the cemetery, the procession marched to the grave, while the Band played softly, "Promoted to Glory."

The service at the graveside was a touching one indeed. As the coffin was lowered slowly into the grave, that grand old hymn was sung, "Shall we gather at the river?" A duet was very feelingly sung by Major Simco and Captain Crocker. Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Sharp spoke, and her earnest words will not soon be forgotten. "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," were words spoken by Major McGillivray. After prayer and a consecration hymn, we left the graveside of our dear comrade with the hope on that morning of meeting her again.

The memorial service at night was conducted by the Major, assisted by Mrs. Colonel Sharp and other Officers. It was a touching service. Captain Merrett and Mrs. Lewis, who were well acquainted with our late comrade, spoke in the highest terms of her godly life and stating that her example would still speak. Adjutant Tudge spoke, also Mrs. Colonel Sharp. Ensign Horwood (sister) with wonderful fortitude being upheld by God's power, spoke very touchingly of her sister's godly life and companionship. Major Simco and Captain Crocker sang a touching duet. The Band played and the Songsters sang.

Major McGillivray then spoke from the text, "What is your life?" Two converts were registered at the cemetery seat.

May God bless, and comfort all the bereaved ones, as we believe He will.—Captain E. Matter

Captain Tuck has been welcomed to Niagara Town. Although many comrades are away at the Harvest Festival Effort, we have had some good times.



# THE GENERAL Sixth Motor Crusade.

## Abandons Tour.

OUR AGED LEADER'S EYES ARE  
NOT AFFECTED.

Trouble Due to Motor Dust—Now in Guy's  
Hospital, London, Suffering from  
Septic Poisoning, According  
to Oculist's Bulletin.

A special cable to the Mail and Empire, received after we had gone to press, dated, August 18th, says:—

London, August 18.—General William Booth, of The Salvation Army, who started from London on July 14th, for a religious tour of the provinces, has been compelled to return owing to trouble with his eyes. Mr. Higgins, the first ophthalmologist at Guy's Hospital, stated in a bulletin issued to-day that the aged Salvationist's trouble was due to septic poisoning. The cause, it was said, had not been clearly ascertained, but probably it was motor dust.

General Booth was operated upon for cataract on December 16th last, and recovered rapidly from the operation.

Will our readers remember our beloved General in prayer.

## PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire writes, saying that he will, D. V., leave Liverpool for Canada, on the 26th inst. We shall, of course, be glad to see the Colonel once again.

Brigadier Hawling left Headquarters for the American Soo, on Tuesday night, August 17. He will also do some property business at the Canadian Soo and Sudbury, returning to T. H. G. in a few days.

Captain and Mrs. Qualife, who are, at present, at Huntsville, are also rejoicing over the arrival of a baby Cadet—a boy. God bless our comrades and their God-given charges.

Captain Ed Matier and Lieutenant Kinkade, have been appointed to Essex, Ont.

Captain Sproule, of the East Ontario Province, has been transferred to the Maritime Province, Newcastle, N. B., to his new command.

Captain Lender and Lieutenant Lowry, late of Yorkville, Toronto, have been received with open arms by the St. John's I. N. S. forces. A typical Newfoundland welcome was accorded them.

Lieutenant R. Clark, late of Quebec, has been appointed to assist Adjutant Sims at the Salvage Department, Toronto.

Captain H. Thomas, of New Brunswick, has been furloughing in Toronto.

We think it worthy of note that Alderman Hilton, a friend of The Army, evidenced splendid sympathy with our work by selling over two hundred tickets for the service, "A Drunkard's Home: Before and After Conversion," given by Riverdale's notorious ex-drunkard, Brother Brown, on Thursday, August 12th.

Mr. John Lenden, another good friend of The S. A., especially in the East End of Toronto, inserted in a local paper, a letter of appreciation of the services of Adjutant and Mrs. McElhenny, on behalf of the residents in and around Riverdale's.

# The General

## Joyously Greeted by Rural England.

Warm-Hearted Villagers, Happy Children, Grateful Ex-  
Drunkards, the Sick and Bed-Ridden, Uplifted in Acknowledging Our Leader's Love for the People.

(From the British Cry.)

ALL the week The General has been flying on the wings of the wind. Flying! Flying!

And as he has traversed the highways and by-ways of Suffolk and Norfolk, the countryside has turned out to do him honour.

One of the most characteristic features of these Motor Campaigns is the number of persons who, apparently, come out of nowhere and return again as soon as the Fleet has passed. They wait for hours, patience personified, and feel rewarded with a wave of the hand and a smile as the big White Car flashes by. At Norwich—I do not refer to the towns in the order in which they were visited—a pathetic request came from an invalid lady, who could not get to the meetings, but who was all anxiety to catch a sight of The General's face. For eleven weary years she had been bed-ridden. How could she see him?

The General himself solved the problem. The bed upon which the sick woman lay was pushed close to the window, and the big White Car ran close up to the house. The General waving his cap. A white hand waved in return, a wan face lit up with joy. Afterwards a letter reached The General to say how grateful the friends were for such pleasure as had not been the lot of the patient for years. "I found her," those who write say, "shedding tears of joy which she was helpless to wipe away."

Considering His Extreme Youth.

Here is the secret of The General's popularity: his overwhelming love for the people and his sympathy with all those who are in distress.

The General's, according to his own words, "doing remarkably well, considering his extreme youth." "I never felt more like living in my life," he said to an immense crowd the other night. And the Motor Campaign is going to help him to do it, for his energy is inexhaustible, and his voice stronger than when he left Clapton, on Saturday, July 24th.

Leaving "Holy Suffolk," where we were never out of sight of a church tower—it is said that from one of these, though the country is flat, sixty-six steeples can be counted—the Fleet crossed into Norfolk.

Shortly afterwards occurred an incident which illustrates again The General's great kindness of heart. Adjutant Marshall, an Officer of many years' service was born in an obscure little Norfolk village, but, leaving the soil, he went into a town, where he was converted, and entered the Work. His old father and mother still live in the cottage on the green. All they knew about the great Organization to which their son belongs, is what they see of him when he is on furlough and conducts open-air meetings on the village green.

Knowing that The General would

pass the door, the Adjutant asked would he give them a wave of the hand. They lived in the third cottage from the cross roads. But how would The General know which cottage? They would wave a large red handkerchief, and they would be dressed in such and such a fashion. So Colonel Whatmore or the pilot kept a sharp look out, and when the red handkerchief was espied, the Fleet was promptly brought to a standstill, and the father and mother were called to the big White Car to shake hands with The General, who thanked them for the gift they had made to the War—a War, as the chairman at Diss said, which knows no cessation.

Mr. Rider Haggard Speaks.

Mr. Rider Haggard was present at the General's afternoon meeting at Bungay, and supported the vote of thanks. He did not believe he said, that General Booth either wanted or cared for votes of thanks; he knew him too well for that. It was not for that he laboured—there was a spirit of impulsiveness which drove him forward. He had to work, and was bound to him if he did not work!

Civilization had not done, Mr. Haggard said, all that it had promised. There were those still who were in poverty and distress; but if the Government had only taken The General's advice and had assisted in establishing co-ops on the land, many of those who were now a burden to the State would have been comfortably situated and earning their own livelihood. He could not have conceived of so happy, united, and contented a community as those he found during his investigations under the aegis of The Salvation Army.

Mr. Haggard, who was deeply touched by The General's fine address, drove over from Ditchingham House, in order to be present.

Wednesday was an extremely light day for The General, as he had only two meetings arranged for, though he managed to do a wayside gathering before the day closed. At East Dereham, in the morning, he spoke in the Corn Exchange.

Sir Frederick Wilson, who supported him, told two good stories. Sir Frederick is a newspaper proprietor, and on one occasion he discovered his new boy sweeping out his office in his red guernsey. The other boys, and even the men, persecuted him, but Sir Frederick said, "I like that boy. I'll look after him. I'll make him an apprentice. And now," Sir Frederick added, "he's one of the best men I have working for me, and still a Salvationist."

A Good Story.

It is the seal of The Salvation Army Officer which appeals to Sir Frederick Wilson. Two girls, Officers, called upon him for a donation. "And how much do you expect from me?" he said, as

he handed out a half-sovereign. "Well," said the Captain, looking at it, "we prayed for a sovereign."

"I hope," The General promptly interrupted, "you answered that prayer, Sir Frederick." He did not deny it.

Sons of the Soil.

From King's Lynn the route was by way of Doutham and March to Spalding. At Downham, Sir Thomas Hart introduced The General. Local Salvationists have an excellent name in the towns, and are as a gentleman said, "as honest as the day."

From March we crossed the Lincoln Fens to Spalding, and in one case we crossed the river three times in three minutes, owing to the winding nature of the road, and the engineers on the line gave The General a railway man's salute. We ran through the richest agricultural district, perhaps, in the world, all along the banks of the water-ways. The labourers turned out with their wives and children, and with a little imagination one could easily fancy that it was Holland.

Crowland is a small town in the centre of the Fens, but it has a warm place for The Army. And in the centre of the town The General spoke to the entire population, crowded closely to his Car.

"What is the reason my name is so widely known?" The General asked them. "Why do the people smile and call down the blessing of God upon my head? It is because, as a boy, sixty-five years ago, I consecrated my life to doing good. Not to gratify myself, but for the well-being of mankind."

"Do you think I am mistaken?"

"No!" came the answer.

"Don't you think I did the right thing?"

"Yes!" was the thundering reply.

"Go and do likewise!" was The General's parting thrust.

"None cheer me so heartily," The General said, "as the men from the pubs; and yet they know that I do not help their business." To an Officer a publican said, "General Booth is the greatest enemy I have got, but I admire him all the same, and here is a donation for your work!"

To his visit to Spalding The General looked forward with peculiar pleasure. Nearly fifty years ago he fought for souls in this district, having, as he describes it, "spent sixteen happy months in this neighbourhood. It was a sixteen months' holiday," he says, "and I have never had such a holiday since!" And this although he had sole ministerial oversight of a circuit extending from beyond Boston to Holbeach, and including four towns and about thirty village chapels.

In this place of interesting memories, The General held, at night, a meeting in the Corn Exchange.

The report concludes with the encouraging statement that The General is full of faith and vigour.

Halifax I.—On Thursday, Aug. 5th, whilst the meeting was in progress, two persons rushed to the mercy seat and found salvation. They returned and gave God the glory. Adjutant Sheard has received a hearty welcome at No. 1.

High River.—On Sunday, Aug. 8th, two persons sought a higher experience, and one salvation. Three comrades were carried under the Flag. Sergeant Honechurch and Cadet Paulleton, of Calgary, were with us.

Two surrenders are reported from Campbellford.



## MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CAPTAIN L. HORWOOD.

Five Seekers at the Cross.

Victoria, B. C.—On Sunday night, the Citadel was well filled for the memorial service. The Bible reading was taken by Staff-Captain Hayes, from Job xiv, and the solemn words brought before all who listened, the realities of time and eternity.

After the Songster Brigade had sung, "Be in Line," Mrs. McGregor, the Recruiting-Sergeant, who spent many years in the East as an Officer, spoke of the beautiful record that Captain Horwood and her sister, the Ensign had left wherever they had been stationed.

The Band played, as a selection, the beautiful song that became so familiar at the time of Mrs. Booth's death:

"We shall walk through the Valley of Death,

We shall walk through the Valley in peace;

For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,

As we walk through the Valley in peace."

And then the Band-Sergeant of Vancouver No. 1, Corrie, was called on. This comrade, who was in Victoria for a short visit, had known the Captain while stationed with her sister at No. 11 Corps, and spoke of her happy, cheery disposition, and the whole-hearted devotion which she had always put into her work.

Captain Knudsen sang, "Tell me the story of Jesus," the so-called Captain Horwood had sung on a Sunday night less than a year ago, when she and her sister assisted in the meeting.

Another comrade, Sister Mrs. Wilson, who had fought as a Soldier in Rossland, when members were few and the work hard and discouraging, told of the brave Captain and her sister standing almost alone night after night, in the open-air, and carrying out her other duties with always a smile on her face and a word of cheer for all, in spite of difficulties. Even the little children were attracted to her and followed her about.

Staff-Captain Hayes spoke from the words taken from the Bible, reading, "But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Amid a deep hush that fell on the congregation, the Staff-Captain related the details of the accident that caused her death, and what was known of the few days of suffering before she was taken into the presence of the Saviour.

Hard, indeed, must have been the heart that was not touched, if such were possible. The Staff-Captain then called for volunteers to take up the cross, and as far as possible fill the vacant place. It was a hard struggle for many, to whom God had pointed out the way wherein they should walk, and for a little while it seemed as though no one would yield, but before closing the meeting, three sisters and two brothers were kneeling at the penitent form for salvation or consecration.

While praying for these, our Chinese Soldier, "Charley," was praying with a countryman of his in a corner, and he, too, testified with the others that God had changed his heart. On Monday night four more came out for salvation.—A. E. T.

# CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

## Would You Like a Ten Dollar Bill to Help You Get Those Christmas Presents?

### WE KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET ONE.

#### Important to Married Male Officers.

**CO**ULD Short Story Competition for the 1909 Christmas Cry, will be limited to married male Officers, as we want to give the men a chance. Staff-Captain Goodwin won the bill for the 1907 competition, and Mrs. Captain Hanagan for that of 1908. What's the matter with the men? Don't you know a good story? Well, talk to those who do, and get them to tell you one, then send it in to us, and if it is the best sent in, why, we will send you a ten dollar bill. See!

The Competition stories will appear under one heading, entitled:

"CHRISTMAS EVE CONFAB."

and each story must conform to the following conditions.

1. The story must relate to the War in Canada or Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed five hundred words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, or may have been told to the writer by

some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the veracity of the incident.

4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's salvation, and the effectiveness of Army methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answers to prayer, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open-air or Hall, etc.

Note.—That which constitutes the best story will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars—the readers of the War Cry will decide which is the best.

Stories received after the last of September will not be eligible for this competition.

Chat with your people, get a story from them, and send it to us right away.

reward. The Colonel anxious to come as close to the suffering man as possible, told him of his own indisposition. Major Rogers replied (the Colonel showed the writer the letter in relation to the incident) that he felt sure the Lord was calling him away from the scenes of earth, and he was glad of it, and furthermore, he had the conviction that he (Colonel Hicks) would not be long in rejoining him in the other world. Ah! how true the realization!

## HIS MAJESTY THE KING

### Acknowledges Army Greetings.

While staying at Watford for the week-end as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Charendon, His Majesty the King, on his way to church, met The Army march.

A hat was made by the Salvationists, and the Band proceeded to play the National Anthem.

His Majesty graciously acknowledged this token of respect by raising his hat and smiling genially.

Farther along the route, the Boys' Band showed its loyalty in a similar way.

Barrie—Major and Mrs. Green were with us on August 14-15. The Major conducted a series of Holiness meetings, and one soul claimed victory.

Essex—Two souls were saved during the week-end, August 14 and 15, when our new leaders, Captain Maffei and Lieutenant Kinkade were welcomed.—Corps Correspondent.

Saving is sometimes by losing. It is losing one's life in devotion to Christ and His service that saves a life for heavenly honor and glory.

## BEGINNINGS OF BACKSLIDING.

(Continued from page 8.)

face the facts of your own life and heart.

But no matter what uncertainty may surround the beginnings of some of our backslidings, there can be no mistake about the end. Every sin has its seed in itself, and one such seed will bring an inevitable crop of death. The fruit of sin is death; the wages of sin is death; the end of sin is death.

But death has many manifestations. It is to be seen around us in various forms. We call the withered leaf as it falls from the tree, death. The blind man's seeing power, we say, are dead. The arm that is useless and useless from paralysis is dead. The ears that can no longer hear are dead.

Now, one of the commonest dangers of backsliding, and a proof that the terrible disorders of the soul are working out towards the death of all hope, is to be found in the feeling that they cannot help themselves. It is, of course, all a lying delusion. Here is a man asleep in a burning building. Break down the door; pour in some more water. Now try a rush; the smoke is burning and overpowering. Ah, here he is—now shake him, "Wake up, man! Fire! You are lost unless you leap for your life!" What does he say?

"I am not going to hurry. Let me alone. I can't see any fire."

The fact that he can't see any fire or any danger, and wants to be left alone, is the greatest danger of all.

And so it is with the soul. The backslider, who for years saw and knew what a true life means, knows that a mere profession is no good at all; he knows that any attempt at getting right, which only leads a man in a sort of backsliding religion, will not last many hours. He knows that the world will make true demands upon him if he professes to be right, and, as he looks up at the great height from which he has fallen, it seems hopeless even to climb there any more. The danger he looks the more difficult it seems to climb until at last he gives up in despair.

It is the death of faith that really brings about the fatal end of the backslider. He cannot keep turning away from God without gradually getting to feel as though he had no interest in you. Calvary is a long way off, and gets further and further away from the man who acts merely upon his senses. All the great realities of God's mercy and Christ's love gradually fade away, until at last faith expires and hope is dead.

And so life rushes away! The number of those who die and go to hell under the deadening sensations of a vague hope or despair can never be estimated. It is awful to think of it! It is horrible to find how many backsliders—dead to any real knowledge of God's love or their own danger—are there all around us.

And yet how great is the mercy of God! What a proof of it is to be found in your spared life, backslider! Oh, come back! Come back! He calls you. We call you. Your place with us is still empty. No one can fill it but you. If we seemed to wrong you, we deplore it. Let us at least have the chance to be forgiven.

Your Father seeks you as a lost son or daughter. He deserves you! Have even more than before you left home. Come back!

Your place is empty.

# Israel in London.

How the Hebrew Lives in Whitechapel.



A Jewish "Penny Show." Whitechapel Road.

**D**URING how many centuries Whitechapel and the neighbouring portions of the Metropolis have been the resort and chief abiding-place of the "Children of Israel" in England it would probably be somewhat difficult to determine with any degree of exactness. But it may be stated with perfect certainty that this was the first place that they colonized after they did land in this country.

Since that time they have had many ups and downs. They have been driven out of the land by various monarchs, and allowed to come in again by others; they have been kept out of all share in the government of the country by their adoption, and they have again been permitted to take a prominent part in its Cabinet Councils; they have been persecuted by those around them, and they have been feted and honored. But through all these chances and chances the Jew has remained faithful to his original settlement in Whitechapel, and there to he still remains, and is more in evidence than ever. The stranger who could see the Jew as he really is, at his best and at his worst, should pay a visit to the principal thoroughfare of the district named at two quite different times. The one should be on an ordinary working day, and the other on the holiday of the sons of Jacob—the Passover feast for preference.

Middlesex Street may be taken as being the headquarters of the Jewish trader in Whitechapel. It is mor famous in history and romance under its ancient name of Petticoat Lane. When the authorities changed the cognomen of the celebrated street, when they had some old buildings pulled down and had better ones erected, they neglected the aspect of the thoroughfare, but they could not alter the habits and manners of its denizens. For many centuries of oppression, generations of troubles and trials, had not been able to do that; so it was not likely that any London Council would manage such a Hebrew task.

So the Jews remain today in Middlesex Street and its offshoots just about the same as they ever did—a foreign colony from Western Asia in the heart of England's capital. In one thing the Jews have lately changed, and that is in the amount of money he takes up in East London, for his area is rapidly spreading. Whereas the Jew used to be almost confined to an area of some three hundred yards or so, in a circle from Petticoat Lane as a centre, he now extends nearly five times that distance. He has overflowed into the Commercial Road and occupies a large part of it; he has extended far along the splendid Mile End Road; his shops and houses go back from Whitechapel Road until

one comes to Liverpool Street, and Moorfields Street. Shoreditch has long been his, and Crickentown knows much of his invasion.

The district inhabited by the Israeli colony in London cannot be said to be salubrious. At its best, from its situation, it has none too much fresh air; but the habits of its denizens only make bad infinitely worse. To stroll down Middlesex Street on any ordinary day is to invite death from suffocation or poisoning. The foul smells, the nauseous odors from dirty shops, fried fish establishments, meatshops, and unclean houses, are not easily to be described. They must be left for one to recognize what life is in the East End of London, where the Jew lives. On Middlesex Street there are back courts crowded with houses where two or three families often join in living and paying the rent with what effect to their manners and morals is easily guessed.

And the squalor and macabre character of these courts. Even in winter one feels it terribly; but in summer—ugh! I shudder myself. I know most of the foreign quarters of the East End, but the district of the most denuded of Chinamen and Hindoos, to say nothing of the Irish and poorest English, are a sorry parallel to the dirt and squalor of the Jewish district. Wentworth Street, when it is holding its market, will convince any "doubting Thomas" of the truth of these words.

The Jew has, nevertheless, many excellent traits, which the wanderer into his regions in Whitechapel will soon discover. He is a capital host-

ness-man; he is, despite what Englishmen think, very generous, especially to his own countrymen and his own charities; he is usually a kind and affectionate father and husband. Above all, he is staunch even to death, to the religion of his fathers, and neither persecution nor trials can make him forget that and its commandments. He keeps the various feasts of his race, there in Whitechapel just as religiously as his fathers did in olden days in Jerusalem itself; his attendance at the synagogue is as marked in this district as was theirs in Nazareth two thousand years ago.

What is not for the dirt which seems to dog the habitation and life of every Eastern native, and of the Israeli in particular, the Jew would be almost a model citizen. One thing will strike the visitor to any Jewish colony—whether it be in Whitechapel, or in Birmingham, or in that "delicious" district of Leeds, the Leeds-Lane, and that is the number of children possessed by each family. The streets swarm with little members of the "Chosen People" to an extent which simply surprises him, and which makes any attempt to drive a home their faults with much danger to somebody's life and limb.

When any feast comes round—and these feasts seem to arrive for the Jew almost every other week—Middlesex Street and Round-ditch put on their best attire and summer forth to see and be seen. The sidewalks of Whitechapel Road is the renowned promenade on such festive days, and here motley groups may be noticed parading backwards and forwards, clad in garments which display all the colours of the rainbow, and some others which the nature phenomenon cannot long have fastened with brand-new plum-colored waistcoat. Rachel has a velvet frock with a shawl—hat, and Solomon feels "barred" in all his glory with a pair of white trousers, a pink vest, a black coat, and a silk hat, which added to the overpowering effect of a whole nation is a kind of scarlet and green, and green, make him a really striking picture.

No seas be promenade in the kin-dom rivals Whitechapel Road at such a time for show and colour; it could give Brighton or Scarborough points and points with only one difference, in that it all a sense of freedom and noisy joyousness which does not make the scene less attractive. This is the Jew at his best, as against the dreary, bettored lane of other times.

In olden days the chief trade of the famous street was the Sunday morning, and comprised especially of dealing in old clothes and similar articles. Even today these form no small portion of the characteristics of Wentworth Street and its offshoots. But there have arisen new factories and warehouses for the making and storing of hats, and of shoes, which are too often paid for by the blood and sweat of the poor Jews in the district, who are sweated by hardhearted taskmasters, of their own race to an extent which Pharaoh and his minions in Egypt during the bondage there would have been heartily ashamed of, and this is in Christian England! When women are paid four cents for making a shirt, when a pair of men's trousers have to be made, and all necessarily found into the bargain for the fourpenny sum of three shillings, surely it is time somebody in this country did something to put down such a system, which would be a disgrace to the most ancient and barbarous land on earth.

Round-ditch, however, seems the clothing trade, and gives itself over to the selling of toys and such like. Richmen. Here Jewish merchants try to get rid of as much glassware, ornamental cases, and silvered brooches as possible. The houses which grow up on every hand in the portion of London which stretches from Aldgate to Moorfields, such names as Beth-el, Lezer, Abraham, Jacob, Benjamin, etc., leave no doubt as to the nationality of their owners or their original country.

There are many curious signs to the visitor who knows how to read them as to the district, and which the Hebrew has attained in the district east of Aldgate Pump. As one walks along one is struck constantly with the extent to which the Hebrew language is used over a wide area in

advertising all kinds of wares and things. The two most noticeable instances of this are with regard to the churches and the places of amusement. The theatres of the neighbourhood have bills and programmes specially printed for the benefit of the youthful Isaac and Leahs who wish to patronise them, but who may find it difficult to read the English of "what it all means." The language of the Anglo-Saxon. The form of dramatic art were, it is well known, favoured by the earlier ancestors of the Jews, and indeed, we today owe something to them in this matter; but it is strange to think, nevertheless, that this is the way we repay them the debt.

As to the services of the church, nearly all the Jews belonging to the established Church of England about this district make special efforts to attract the Hebrew, by having services particularly for his own language, and many have been seen informing him that St. Mary Whitechapel, or some other church will have a service in his special dialect. These bills are nearly always printed in Hebrew, though occasionally the announcements are in a neat language and English as well as Hebrew.

I am told that as a rule, these services are much better attended than one would generally suppose, largely what a stubborn character the Jew is in all that concerns the faith and religion of his fathers. What his days are on the churches often services and attractions of a kind kind to the many Hebrew paraders who have time on their hands at do not know what to do with it.

But as life in the Jewish quarter of London is so full of contrasts, the poverty that abounds, and the constant need of every member of family being at work work in Middlesex Street and its surroundings



A Jewish Auctioneer in Petticoat Lane.

have their times of mirth as well as their times of sorrow. They are not when there is a wedding to be celebrated, and this is often seen. The Jew is a curious and a curious one. And with these people, too, the betrothal ceremony is a much more serious affair than it is with us. It is needless to say that at a wedding display of money comes out, and prominently that of the bride's dowry. The striking novelty of the rite is the synagogue is doubtless the bride of a wine-dress after the contract parties have each drunk of the wine that is contracted. This is no doubt to attest their earnestness, and so none to one who has not seen some that it always makes the impression on him of any part of the ceremony.

As to the funeral rites, when a Jew dies, there are not the same practices carried out as there were in ancient Palestine. There are still some customs. They keep up the whole night a terrible wailing to great numbers of any people who do not believe in the same faith and to have the same belief in its efficacy.

Other customs are often met about in Holy Writ and other books but as down here in the ordinary Beth-hamans can be found here in Whitechapel, something ridiculous. The Jews of married women among the Jews of cover their heads with a blue-black cap, the profession of that Jewess as one who is real, seen in every Hebrew man or woman, seem to indicate that they yet seem to follow the same trait which is followed of days gone by in Egypt. (Continued on page 13).



St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel. Where Christian services are conducted in Hebrew.



# OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

## INDIA.

Colonel Sukh Singh, who had the superintendence of the Central Training Home, in addition to his duties as Territorial Commander, has conducted Officers' meetings at three of his Divisional centres. Very successful and powerful gatherings were held.

The annual examination for the Mukti Pur School, which is situated in The Salvation Army village, has just been completed. Out of seventy-two children who appeared for the examination, sixty have passed.

Every now and again the hatred of the high caste people of the Brahmin country of Travancore breaks out against our low caste Officers.

Several high caste men recently fell upon, and severely beat one of our Palayar, or low caste Officers, tearing his red jacket off him. Fortunately, reliable witnesses saw the assault, and the case at the Sessions has just been concluded, with the result that one of the men has received six years' imprisonment, and four others, three years' each. This is a result far beyond our wishes in the matter, but will have a deterrent effect upon others like-minded.

Colonel Nurali has recently held some interesting meetings in two villages lately opened. Just over one hundred converts were waiting to be received under the Flag. The ceremony also included that of the change of names from heathen to Christian.

On the same tour, the Colonel held a meeting at a village which was one of the first to come over to The Army, some nineteen years ago. The Soldiers here were full of enthusiasm and eagerness for further blessing, and made touching reference to their first meetings so long ago.

## JAVA.

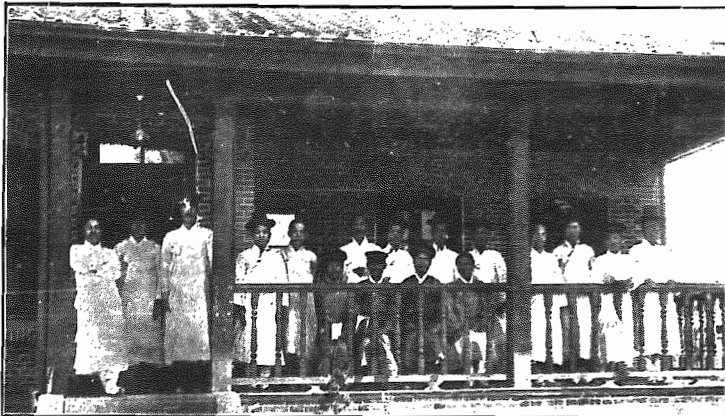
Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossum, who has been in charge of our work in Java, has now returned with his family to Europe, and is at present staying in Holland. After spending a week or two there, the Colonel will be coming to this country for a few weeks' much-needed furlough, before proceeding to take charge of his new appointment in South Africa.

## FINLAND.

A recent donation received at the Headquarters, shows clearly the standing of The Army in Helsinki. A young swell got into some trouble in the city, and the police master gave him the option of paying a fine of F. Mk. 75, to The Salvation Army, or be prosecuted. He gladly paid the money to The Army, towards the work amongst poor children.

## SWITZERLAND.

In Orbe, a small town in French-Switzerland, considerable difficulty has occurred with the authorities with regard to the taking up of open-air collections. Both the Captain and Lieutenant have been fined, and amount in the latter case, however, was Frs. 200. The



Korean Cadets at the Training Home, Seoul.

has been taken to the courts, and, after a long and careful hearing, the Lieutenant was finally acquitted.

## FRANCE.

Colonel Fornachon has dedicated a Hall, which has been built in this town through the generosity of Sergeant-Major Mollet. It occupies a fine site in the midst of the forest, but with a considerable population within easy reach. It has been named "Mont du Salut"—Salvation Mount. The opening meetings were crowded, and of the most enthusiastic character. Brigadier Jeannot, who was stationed here in days gone by, was present, and assisted with great acceptance.

Lieut.-Colonel Peyron was the leader in a series of splendid meetings in the South of France at a place called Ganges. A massed open-air demonstration was one of the chief engagements, and this passed off with very great success. This may be considered exceptional for France.

## UNITED STATES.

A lady called at the National Headquarters a few days ago with a gift of \$250.00, which it appears her husband bequeathed in his will to The Salvation Army. The lady would not

leave her name or address but simply stated it was a gift from God to The Army.

The Fresh Air Camp Campaign is now in full swing in the U. S. A. Twelve hundred poor mothers and children were recently taken by Colonel Holtz to Burlington, Island Park. Three hundred were treated in a similar manner in Mobile, Ala; two hundred at Macon, Ga., a large number at Greenville, S. C., and five hundred respectively at Trenton, N. J., and Wilmington, Del.

The Commander had arranged to Commission seventy Cadets last week in the Memorial Hall, New York. A special feature of the meeting was to be a Public Demonstration in "First Aid," both lads and lassies taking part in what bids fair to be an occasion of very special interest.

It is of interest to note that a splendid building is being erected for the use of the Corps close to the world-famous Niagara Falls. The structure is some four storeys high, and is admirably suited for Salvation Army purposes.

Adjutant Wilkins, of the Northern Pacific Province, has had some gruesome experiences of late. While visiting a man in the condemned cell who is to be hanged in a few days, he viewed the remains of a convict who

was shot by a prison guard while in mortal combat with a fellow prisoner, the instruments used being prison shears used by employees in the jute mill. Both disputants were shot. This one fatality.

The Salvation Army is deeply indebted to that genuine philanthropist, Miss Helen Gould, for the use of the spacious playground attached to her estate at Lyndhurst, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, on Tuesday, Aug. 10th. This makes it possible for The Army to take a party of five hundred poor children from New York City and vicinity for a day's outing of the most pleasant and invigorating description.

Miss Gould will pay all the expenses involved by train and trolley, leaving The Army the bill for lunches, games and incidentals. The Seigel-Cooper Company will put up the lunches in boxes. Each Corps in the Metropolitan area will contribute its quota of beneficiaries specially selected. The special train leaves the New York Central depot at 9 a. m. sharp.

Colonel Margetts, patriarch of the Juniors, will see that the redoubtable five hundred have the best of good times. Who more capable for the purpose?

## TRAINING COLLEGE PRINCIPAL.

Commissioner Rees Heartily Welcomed by the Training Staff.

In a gathering that was no less delightful because informal in character, Commissioner Rees was recently given an appreciative welcome by the Staff of the International Training College. The object of the occasion was happily defined by Commissioner Howard, who presided, as the re-establishing of the connection between the past and the present.

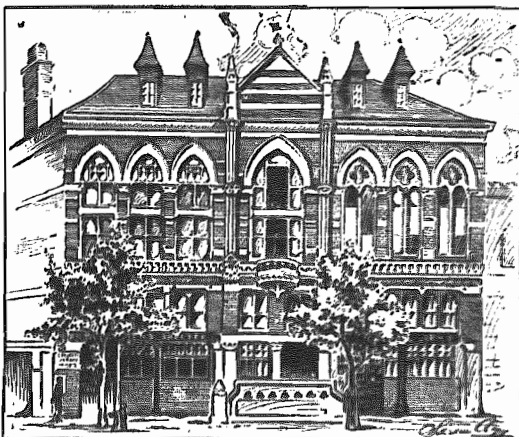
Having referred to the Commissioner's previous eight and a-half years at Clapton, the Foreign Secretary spoke highly of what he had done for the Training Homes in Sweden, improving them, and bringing them into line with the Clapton Institution.

As Vice-Principal, Colonel Dean, on behalf of all sections of the Training Staff, assured Commissioner Rees of their loyal support.

With deep feeling the Commissioner replied, informing the gathering that his five years' absence from the Training centre had not lessened in the slightest degree his interest in the work it represented.

As The General and the Chief had so often said, he believed The Army was only on the threshold of what was possible in the way of recreation of character and the development of the gifts and graces of sanctified young men and women.

Temple—Two persons received forgiveness of sins on Sunday last, and a backslider returned to God on Monday.



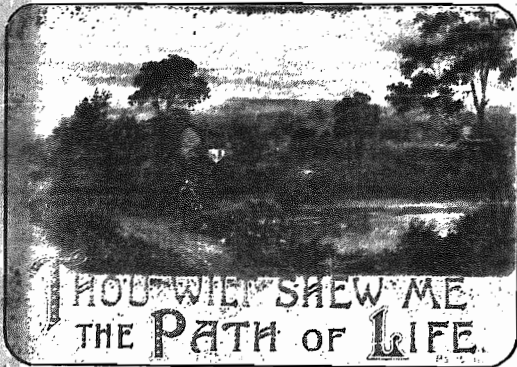
A Salvation Army Social Institution in England, Recently Opened by The General.



# Scripture Texts and Mottoes

## SILENT WITNESSES.

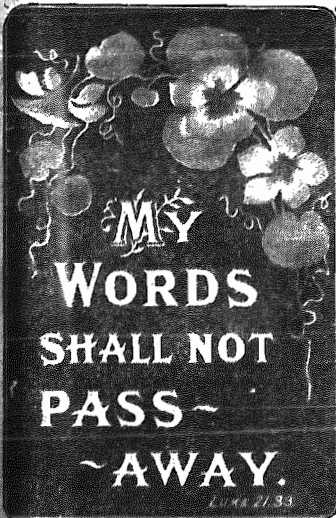
We have Just Received a New Consignment, with Many New and Unique Designs. For Beautifying the Home and Decorating Halls They are Hard to Beat.



**No. 435.—RURAL HOMESTEAD.**—Size 12½ by 9; silver bevelled edges. Four fine English Landscape designs by Justus Hill, reproduced in full colours. Scripture texts blocked in silver. Texts: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" "Thou wilt shew me the path of life;" "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him;" "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant." Price, each.....**25c.**



**No. 436.—THY COUNSEL.**—Size 12½ by 9. Silver bevelled edges. Four fine Lake and River Scenes, with beautiful Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "The Lord shall guide thee continually;" "Thou shalt guide me with Thy Counsel;" "I will guide Thee with Mine eye;" "He will guide you into all truth." Price, each.....**25c.**



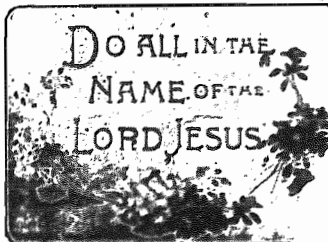
**No. 454.**

**No. 454.—CLEMATIS SERIES.**—Corded. Size 9½ by 7½. A new series of Texts with pretty Floral Designs, delicately tinted. Texts in white letters. Texts: "Even Christ pleased not Himself;" "My Word shall not pass away;" "Your life is hid with Christ in God;" "Aw for God. His way is perfect." Price, each.....**15c.**

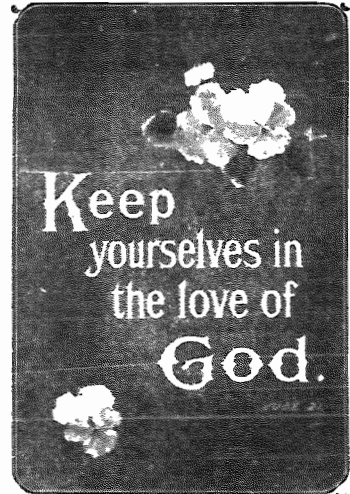
**No. 440.—THE BURDEN BEARER.**—Corded. Size 9½ by 7½. A pretty series of Floral and Landscapes designs. Texts in silver. Texts: "He is faithful that promised;" "Be thou faithful unto death;" "Secret him with a perfect heart;" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Price, each.....**20c.**



**No. 440.**



**No. 443.**



**No. 450.**

**No. 450.—PERFECT PEACE.**—Size 11½ by 7½. Corded. An entirely new series of Text Cards on Art Boards with exquisite hand-painted designs. Selected Texts in bold white letters. Texts: "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;" "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" "Keep yourselves in the love of God;" "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." Price, each.....**25c.**

**No. 443.—CLOVER SERIES.**—Size 9½ by 7½. Corded. A pretty series of Texts with Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "I will trust and not be afraid;" "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;" "He is my Rock and my salvation;" "I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy." Price, each.....**15c.**

Agents Wanted.

Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women.

For Further Particulars Write

**The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.**

